

The plan I had devised to secure her freedom of her arrest, was this. I would have obtained a ho-

Poetry.

From the Northern Light.

HOME.

BY ABRAHAM MESSELER.

Away from home, my love, my wife!
How slow the lingering moments roll!
Nature with every charm is rife,
And Autumn casts her solemn stole
O'er glen and mountain, wood and plain.
But home has charms of stronger spell,
And voices which I feel more dear
Than all those sounds and charms which tell
The closing of the "rolling year;"
To these my heart returns again."

Away from home, my love, my wife!
I hear no more our prattlers' mirth,
Buoyant with health, and joy, and life;
Nor mark at eve, around the hearth,
Those smiles and voices which we love,
At noon I pause to hear them rush
Tumultuous from the distant school,
With sparkling eye and rosy blush;
And when returns the evening glow,
Their prayer to Him who rules above!

Away from home, my love, my wife!
The morning dawns in splendor bright,
And busy Nature wakes to life;
The birds are singing, and the bees are huming,
My sudden heart—no happy home
Invites me to repose in peace.
I linger on the distant hill
And muse—and ask, why do I not cease
These yearnings strong? But deeper still
They come, where'er I rest or roam.

Away from home, my love, my wife!
In dreams the midnight watch is spent;
I saw thee bright and full of life,
Like some good angel kindly sent,
To calm Affection's troubled strife,
Standing beside my couch—and felt
Thy gentle hand upon my heart,
Thy breath upon my glowing cheek;
I thought we were not far apart,
Almost thought I heard thee speak,
While kneeling where so oft we've knelt.

Away from home, my love, my wife!
I meet no greetings like to thine—
No hand so warm, instinct with life;
No smile that answers back to mine.
The world is all too cold for me;
Friendship is a deceitful sound—
I would not leave my home nor thee,
For all those pleasures which abound
In mirth, in song, in revelry;
They'd keep my heart, O God, from thee.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

The American Lycurgus in learning, and liberty, and law.

'Tis not alone in lofty halls,
Where learning sits enshrined,
His eloquence sublimely falls,
And marks his mighty mind;
But in the temple of the free
His thunder tones have rung—
His father's love of liberty
Falls from his tuneful tongue.

Sublime in sentiment and soul,
To him all wreaths belong;
His polished periods richly roll
Along the chords of song:
He wakes to war the mournful wire
On Ireland's lovely plain;
He wakes to liberty his lyre,
And weeps o'er Erin's chains.

Whether in council or at court,
Or at the harp or hall—
Whether in seriousness or sport,
His graceful accents fall—
He is in grandeur still the same—
Time hath no merit hurt—
His trophies, treasured up by fame,
Are wonders of the world.

Time can no triumph o'er him own,
Though none his brow may bind;
Reason still sits upon his throne,
The monarch of his mind;
The glory of his bygone hours
Through ages yet shall last:
Fame gathers up his present flowers,
To bloom with all the past.

Ah! had he lived in that proud day,
Ere Greece became the grave
Of glorious men, long pass'd away,
The brilliant and the brave,
The marble centrepiece sublime,
The column and the crown,
Would still transmit, to future time,
His record of renown.

Yet while thy love of liberty,
Of learning and of song,
Shall warm the proud hearts of the free,
Or shall to fame belong,
The memory of his magic mind
Shall wander o'er the wave,
And win from millions of mankind
A garland for his grave.

MILFORD BARD.

WRONG NOT THE LABORING POOR.

BY MESSELER MESSELER.

Wrong not the laboring poor by whom ye live!
Wrong not your humble fellow-worms, ye proud!
For God will not the poor man's wrongs forgive,
But hear his plea, and have his plea allowed.

O, be not like the vapors, splendor-rolled,
That, sprung from earth's green breast, usurp the sky,
Then spread around contagion black and cold,
Till all who mourn the dead prepare to die!

No! imitate the bounteous clouds, that rise,
Freighted with bliss, from river, vale, and plain;
The thankful clouds, that beautify the skies,
Then fill the lap of earth with fruit and grain.

Yes! emulate the mountain and the flood,
That trade in blessings with the mighty deep!
Till soaked to peace, and satisfied with good,
Man's heart be happy as a child asleep.

THE GREAT AND GOOD.

"How seldom, friend, a great, good man inherits
Honor, or wealth, with all his worth and pains;
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or say merit that which he obtains."
"For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain.
Place! wouldst thou that the great, good man obtain?
What, salary—a gilded chain?
Or throne on corpses which his sword has slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great, good man? Three treasures—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three true friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

Coleridge.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR
LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The first touch of the nearest Choctaw's finger upon his rifle, had sent Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw back into the forest with a rapidity that might almost rival that of the ball which he more than half expected to hear whistling after him.

As he drew near Natchez, on his return from his unprofitable expedition, he descried Hogstown and Smith, who had already met and joined their lamentations on the escape of Lucy. He hailed them, and communicated the disagreeable intelligence that he had seen the runaway, but in a situation that precluded the possibility of taking her; and a chorus of maledictions was uttered by the trio, upon the infamous license granted to the savages, which permitted them to carry arms.

It was now clear, that the young preacher of whom they were so anxious to make prey would receive such timely warning from his sister, as would naturally prevent his assembling his black congregation on the following Sunday.

"You may say that," said Smith to Whitlaw, in answer to this observation: "he'll be too cunning to show his nose out on that night, at any rate."

"I dubiate a bit about that," observed Hogstown; "I don't say that it isn't likely neither; but I haven't forgotten my talk with the chap in the market-place here. He's as quiet as you will, and could stand still a spell, and hear, but say nothing; but he'd that in his eye that says 'try me'; and if that slip his mind to pray on the Sabbath night with the niggers, he'll pray on the Sabbath night with the niggers he'll pray."

"What, when he knows that we shall be down upon him with Lynch-law, and State-law, and all the laws in the land?" responded Smith, incredulously.

"Why, you jest see," said Hogstown, "what a near heart it will be 'twixt his wit and our wit. We hope he won't be there, 'cause he'll expect we'll nab him; and he'll think, maybe, that we won't be there, 'cause we know that he'll expect us. So 'tis just the turn of a hair which way 't's most likely to be right."

"That's what 'tis to be Yankee," retorted Smith, laughing. "We southerners should take a long spell to think, before we came over it so fine as that. However, Hogstown, 'twouldn't do, my man, to rouse up Lynch-law for nothing. Your guess may be right, or your guess may be wrong; and if we was to rouse our Natchez-under-hill men to do their duty upon the center, and lead them out at dead of night into the forest, when they'd rather be amusing themselves elsewhere, and then let 'em find nothing but you and I and the trees, 'twould never answer. They'd get no reward from none of the planters, that always behave handsome when work's been done; and, maybe, we should find it as difficult to bring 'em together again; and if they're cold on the job, we're stumped."

"Mr. Smith, sir, you're a gentleman as deserves to be listened to, if you spoke from July to eternity. What you say is worth a dollar and worth, and cheap too. But I expect, sir, we might take a middle course—neither altogether neglecting our duty, and giving the varment a chance of herding together, the black beetles, without being cotech, and yet not weakening our effective for nothing, as the general would say, by bringing 'em out, when we were not that sure there'll be any work to do. I guess, gentlemen, that we ought so to conduct, as to avoid both the one damage and the other."

"You're first rate, Hogstown, by G—d! And how is it to be done, eh?"

"Why it's not that difficult neither, I should say, Mr. Smith, begging your pardon if I differ. My judgment would be for one, two, three, or more of us as have got the business at heart, and would be ready to watch for a spell without hope of fee or reward, but for the alone love of the cause—I say, some few such as that ought by rights to rest themselves, with a cigar in their mouth for comfort, just at that spot, Mr. Smith, that you heard the black fellow map out to his miss. This easy enough hiding in such a place, and such an hour; and so we might see and hear all, and bear witness of something, if anything there is; and if not, why we can but go back as we came, and no harm done."

"He's right, Smith," said Whitlaw; "that's the way to fix 'em. And there's another reason still, I can tell ye, why it wouldn't do to come down upon 'em at the meeting with the Lynchers; and I'll tell you what it is in no time. Them Steinmacks won't be there, as we ought to make an example of,—and the niggers will, whose lives must be looked after, for lucre if not for love. So let us mark down our preacher, and then follow him, the day after, maybe, to the German's, where I expect they're all likely enough to be found flocking together like birds of a feather as they are; and then would be the time to let fly at 'em. My old Colonel intends to higgle a little, I guess, with the Dutch fellow about his estate; and a capital bit it is, and we'll get a bargain all depend upon it. But 'tis plain to me that if we don't look sharp, Mr. Smith, we shall lose our example, for they're all taking flight, you see, and will be off together in no time—I haven't been able to see my Colonel for a minute at a time, these two days; but I shall charge him to have nothing to do with the house, and then our folks may have license to burn, rob, say, or what they will; and my father will take care that we shall know when they're to start."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Smith, "it is clear that we can't be in better hands. Private and public feelings seem to unite to excite your zeal; and I can only say, that as I own three hundred and ten niggers myself, I expect you have no reason to doubt of my willingness to help. Perhaps Mr. Whitlaw, it might be as well to have a few hand-bills prepared, to stick about at Natchez-under-hill;—'tis as well that the mind of the people should be prepared."

"'Tis you, Hogstown, as must do that, I expect," observed Whitlaw; "and we'd better meet at Sander's to-morrow night, and get a bit of supper together in a private room; and then we can have a look at your handbills, Hogstown, and settle, maybe, finally what's to be done Sunday night. I expect I may be able myself to pick up something among our own gangs, that may be useful; and if I do, I can make it known to you then and there."

This proposal was agreed to, and the triumvirate separated.

Whitlaw's first care, as in duty bound, was to visit the Colonel; and as he had inquired for him before starting in pursuit of Lucy, and been told that he was in a pretty comfortable fix in his arm-chair, and that the doctor expected he was better, he was a good deal startled when the black valet told him that, "massa was roaring mad wid gries," and that "God A'mighty only knowed what to do wid him, for the doctor was stumped."

Whitlaw hastened to his room, where he found him in bed, and in truth in a very deplorable condition. Inflammation had taken place, and a mortification was expected to follow; but the dying man had been there, of sufficient courage, to tell the dying man of his danger. No sooner was Whitlaw informed of it, however, than his active and intelligent spirit suggested to him, what was proper to be done. His first care was to summon a lawyer, whom he deposited snugly in one of the sitting-rooms, with plum-cake, iced water, and whisky, wherewith to amuse himself. He next procured the attendance of two white overseers, who, if wanted, could write their names; and having placed them in another room, with a bottle of rum and a couple of glasses, he returned to the suffering Colonel.

The physician was with him, and after the examination of a few minutes, attended Whitlaw into another room.

"It's all over with the Colonel, I expect, doctor?" said Whitlaw, with very proper solemnity.

"I calculate he can last the day, sir," was the reply; "or at any rate he'll never see the morning light again, Mr. Whitlaw. These complaints, sir, go apace in this country that mostly beats time, set it as short as you will."

"But I guess, doctor, that he won't keep on this fashion to the last? He'll come to, a little, won't he, and be more reasonable like before he goes?"

"I calculate that it's possible he may, Mr. Whitlaw; and so, sir, if there is any business to be done, which is your meaning, I expect, I advocate your watching without much relativity of attention. When you catch him quiet for a spell, get him to swallow a mouthful of rum, and repeat the dose as you see him want it, till such time as he may be left in peace without inconvenience. Good night, Mr. Whitlaw;—I'll look in again as I ride back;—my cab is waiting for me, I expect, and I've got to ride as far as Mount Zion."

Whitlaw looked at the patient, and saw that as

yet he was anything but quiet; he therefore ventured to retire for a few moments to refresh himself, and then returned to the sick chamber, attended by one negro, carrying rum and a small glass, and another with all implements necessary for writing.—Thus prepared, the confidential clerk seated himself where he could watch the sick man without being seen by him; for the appeals of the poor sufferer to every one within reach for the succor which no one could give, was an annoyance to which even the philosophy of my hero could not render him entirely insensible.

This very anxious attendance, continued for about two hours, without any visible change in the condition of the Colonel; but at the end of that time his complaining began to cease, and he gradually sank into silence, and something approaching apathy.

Whitlaw drew near and contrived to make him swallow the prescribed cordial. The dying man opened his eyes and attempted to speak to him. It was evident he knew him, but equally evident that he had not strength to articulate. The confidential clerk poured out another glass of rum, and the patient again submitted to the dose, and with excellent effect, for in a minute or two he half raised himself in the bed and said, quite distinctly—

"Where the devil have you been, Whitlaw?"

"Engaged in your service, my dear sir," replied the young man, arranging the bedclothes and the pillow with an air of affectionate assiduity; "engaged in a way that will, I trust, spare you all farther trouble on the score of insurrection, or anything of that kind."

"That's well, Whitlaw,—and I wanted to tell you about my purchase. I've got it all, and paid down ready-money, too; but it's a capital purchase, and will turn out un-ac-count-a-ble profit-a-ble."

The last words being pronounced with considerable languor, and even difficulty, a third glass of rum was presented, which was this time more eagerly received, and its effect immediately made manifest by so active an interest in renewing the conversation, that Whitlaw deemed it prudent to check as idle a waste of very precious breath, saying—"My dear Colonel, I'm not altogether easy about you—though, now you're out of pain, there's good hope that all will go right; only your strength must be kept up by cordials, the doctor says, and you kept quiet, except as to any matters of business that you may have to fix."

"Business, Whitlaw? How the devil can I be doing business? Not but I feel elegant easy, too; but I expect I should be as weak as a sick puppy, if I were to stir. What business do you think I could do? I couldn't keep my eyes open for two minutes together, to see a nigger flogged, if he'd been caught at insurrection before my face."

"No, no, my dear sir,—no such sort of business as that; that your faithful friends can do for you; but no man can be sick, Colonel Dart, without wishing to settle his affairs, I expect."

"Settle?—What?—make my will, d'ye mean? Why the devil should I make my will? I'm not going to die, Whitlaw, am I?"

"Heaven forbid, my dearest Colonel, that, at such a moment as this, the country should lose you! We were your principles, and your influence, so much wanted here. Dr. Thomas says, that though the appearances are very painful, and though, at present, there is just enough possibility of a relapse, though no probability of it,—but just, as he says, enough possibility to make it advisable, if in case the law wouldn't dispose of your property just as you would have it go—to make it advisable for you to leave it your own way instead."

The sick man groaned heavily, and answered not a word.

The rum-bottle, ever close at hand, was again seized, and again was the dram administered to the dying Colonel.

"Am I dying, Whitlaw?" said he, solemnly, and as if rousing all his strength to hear the answer.

"My dear sir, no," replied the anxious sycophant; "but the doctor says, he knows you've no reason to love your nephew overmuch—and so he thought that it might help to make you quiet and easy, perhaps, if you knew for certain that he'd never get what he never helped to make."

"My nephew?—Where is my nephew?" said the Colonel, with very alarming incoherence.

"Thank God, sir, he is not near you, nor likely to be. What was it he said you was like, sir, the last time you had him here? Don't you remember my overhearing him joking with one of the nigger gals, about you?"

"Don't I?" cried the Colonel, starting up in bed, rum and rage upon him to rouse the expiring lamp.

"I expect I do, Whitlaw. You heard him say that that wench that he knew I'd a fancy for, that I was like a blighted tomato, getting rotten before it was ripe,—wasn't that it? Curse me, if I ever I forget it!"

"Yes, those were the words, my dear Colonel; and yet that's the man that will have every cent of your property—estates, slaves, money, and all; if any unexpected accident should happen to you before you've made a will."

"I'll be d—d if he shall!" exclaimed the stammering Colonel. "Send for a lawyer, d'ye hear, Whitlaw. Never mind about giving me more rum now—I expect I've had enough; and 'tis your own will" he could be doing, I guess, if you bring me a lawyer."

The lawyer was instantly summoned to the room, and the two overseers ordered to be in waiting on the outside of it. By the time this was done, the Colonel appeared sleepy, and so greatly inclined to repose himself, that Whitlaw feared lest the prize, so nearly within his grasp, should even yet escape him. It was with difficulty that the inspiring cordial was now forced within his lips; but by the help of something approaching to gentle violence, this was effected, and sufficient life resulted from it to enable him to pronounce the words, "I give all I die possessed of, freehold, leasehold, and personal, to Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, for his sole use and benefit." Hardly were the words uttered, than the two men who were to witness the signing, were brought in. The lawyer, who saw that he never should be paid for the will if he delayed to complete it, wrote the enormous bequest with all technical correctness, and with a flying pen. Whitlaw raised his patron in his arms; the document was laid before him, the pen put into his clammy fingers, another spoonful of rum forced into his mouth, and the name of George Washington Dart scrawled in nearly illegible characters upon the paper. In another moment it was duly witnessed; and the next, my hero stood, the richest man in Louisiana, before the ghastly corpse of his benefactor.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

It was certainly a proof either of a very strong mind, or of a very strong feeling of hatred, that this vast change in the condition of Whitlaw did not make him forget the object he had in view for Sunday night. Neither did he, in the slightest degree, neglect the means by which he hoped to ensure his success. Before this important event happened to him, he had decided upon consulting Juno, and his purpose remained unaltered, though, instead of a pitiful clerk with a salary of five hundred dollars a year, he would now stand before her, not only as her legal master and owner, but as the husband of her lawful wife. Such news as this flies fast; and when the new great man entered at daybreak the hovel of the old woman, she already knew that he was her master.

Considering the feelings which rankled at her heart against him, it might have been supposed that this intelligence would have been rather painful than pleasing to her. But, for some reason or other, it was not so; and it was with joy as sincere as that which swelled his own bosom, that she congratulated him on his great change of fortune.

"I thought it would please you, Juno," said he, with infinite condescension; "because you know I was your own property. Don't you remember, Juno, just before I set out on my expedition, that you put it all in rhyme every word of it, master," replied Juno, and I'm glad it's all likely to come true so soon, or maybe I should not live to see it."

"Oh! you'll see more yet, old woman,—here's money for the good luck your words brought with 'em; and now tell me how soon I shall get into the senate—that is, after I've done say my time in congress?"

Juno fixed her eyes upon the ground for a moment, and perhaps was trying to string into doggerel rhyme, as she was wont to do, the words she intended to utter; but she so, she probably found that she had no time to do so, for she was so full of her new master, that she could not find time to do so. She then looked up at her master, and he replied, "I will tell you the day and the hour in one week from this day. But this I will tell you now: Master of all though you be, your fortune, such as I saw it when I spoke my prophecy, is not yet all come to pass—but it shall!—and then you will again remember the words of Juno!"

The rich man smiled upon the miserable old woman with increased benignity, and said—

"Thank ye, Juno,—your word always brings luck, and now I want it upon another point. You've given me many hints, you know, to the poor Colonel that's gone, that mischief was brewing among the slaves;—and that's come true, too, like everything else. Now you must know that I and some friends with me have found out, in a curious way enough, that there's a black people in the forest on Sunday night; and one as we've long had our eyes upon, as no friend of good order and the prosperity of the State, Juno, is to be there, stirring the poor ignorant souls up to rebellion. Now you're up to a thing or two, Juno, and you know that the best law to stop such work as that is, Lynch-law, which does much, and says little; for all the palavering in the courts does more harm than good, most times. However, we think that the chap Bligh, as the preacher's called, has had a hint of warning given him by a sister of his—has got a notion of what we're about, and I'm come now just to ask your opinion whether Bligh will be at the place of meeting or not; and if he will, we'll see it, wouldn't do to the forest in the middle of the night, and then to balk 'em—would it?"

"No, Master, no," replied the sybil, earnestly.—"Do that, and trust old Juno, they'll never more obey at any word that you or yours could give. Have you any sure knowledge that the black people do meet o' pray?"

"Only what we heard a young nigger say to the gal, Bligh's sister."

"Then listen to Juno, Master!—Trust no lips that tell you that, and trust no eyes but your own. Go yourself, with me alone to pity you, to this place, and see if it be so. There is no concealment, and see all. Then you will know what slaves dare do this thing, and what do not; and then all may meet with justice. For them, the master's will, and the master's hand, will suffice; but for their leader, take care how you touch him in the midst of them! Remember your wealth and greatness, and do not risk your own safety for the sake of seizing, with difficulty and danger, one that may be brought to public justice in the face of day. Mark your man, and when you know him, then set your avengers on him;—but not, if you listen to Juno, till after the next Sabbath night is gone and past."

Whitlaw did listen, and with almost devout attention, to every word she spoke; and even after she ceased, waited a moment to be sure that she had finished. He then replied exactly as she wished and expected.

"I expect, Juno, that the wisest thing I can do, is just to take your advice. 'Twas you foretold my fortune; and 'tis you, I guess, as can best show me how to keep it. So, instead of joining with them as have no such good friends as you to counsel them, I'll tell 'em that the Colonel's death prevents my seeing them; and that as for the meeting, I'll shew them means to tell 'em more about it after next Sabbath. That's what I'll do, Juno,—and I expect that that you approve."

"Juno assured him that if he acted thus, he would act wisely, and not only in conformity with his habits, but with the wishes of all those, whether inhabitants of earth, or air, or heaven, who watched over his destiny with the same care that she did."

"And what must I say to Hogstown and Smith?" said the rich man, looking rather puzzled; "if they found out that after putting them off, I went to the forest by myself?"

"They will never find it out," said Juno.

"But I don't see how I'm to help telling them, if I find Bligh there. For 'tis Hogstown, above all, that's to do the business at Natchez-under-hill, among the white people, to set 'em on at Steinmark's. Juno, I hate them people as I hate the devil, and I must have them burnt over their heads, before they start."

"Must you have their house burnt down, Master?" said Juno, in a tone of much reverence.

"Why, to tell you the truth, my mind is more set upon that, I think, than even catching the parson."

"And when they're just ready to start," said the old woman, chuckling, "with all their goods done packed, you will put them in an unhandsome fix, sure enough, Master."

Whitlaw laughed, too, and replied, with the most familiar jocoseness, "That's a fact; and it's a pleasure I don't mean to lose, Juno, for it's long since I've owned a nigger, I promise ye."

"The Colonel bought the place, I'm told," said Juno, "just before he died."

"And that's true," replied the heir; "but not the house. I heard him say, poor man, the last talk of business we had together, that the Dutchman must get another chapman for his house and furniture, for he wanted nothing but the land."

"It would be pity that you should not see it burnt down!" said Juno, who happened to know perfectly well, though he did not, that it was his own property.—"But it will be difficult to contrive about the time. It will be too late after the Sabbath night; you'd neither feel pain nor pleasure about it then."

"And what not, I wonder?—What makes you say that, Juno?"

The old woman started, as if roused from a reverie in which she had inadvertently thought aloud; but immediately recovering herself, she replied, with perfect self-possession, "I mean, Master, that I know well enough, that when great gentilefolks get a whim into their head, if it is not done off at once, they will not care a cent about it afterwards."

"I know what you're thinking of, Juno," said Whitlaw, again laughing heartily; "you're thinking of my whim about Pebe, and how I clean forgot it when I come back from Orleans, after you'd taken all that trouble about it, too. But this is another sort of whim, I promise ye; and it will keep hot longer than Sunday next."

"Well, Master, you are the lord of all, now, and you've only got to hold up your finger, and jest speak a word, and you will find people enough all ways ready to do your pleasure, and that without any help from Hogstown."

"I expect you're not that far wrong, there, Juno; money does give a man a d—n sight of power,—and so I expect I'll just be still a spell, as you would have me, and see what will happen after."

This important consultation ended, the proprietor of Paradise Plantation returned to his mansion, for the especial purpose of issuing orders respecting the funeral of his predecessor.

As soon as he was gone, Juno set out upon an expedition upon which she had meditated incessantly since her return from her fatal visit to New Orleans. It was already night, and though a southern summer's night is rarely very dark, there was less light in the atmosphere than usual. Juno's step, too, was less firm and assured than it was wont to be. Age, which, though it had long marked her aspect with the appearance of more than ordinary decrepitude, had hitherto seemed to have touched her strength, both of mind and body but lightly, had at last fallen heavily upon her. Her movement was slow and painful, the wild vivacity of her rapid eye was dimmed and subdued, and Juno had little now beside the ungainly ugliness to distinguish her from any other negro of the south.

The task she was about to execute, led her to several widely-departed points of the extensive grounds; and the old bamboo that had hitherto served her so well in many ways, was hardly stout enough to support the weight she threw upon it, as she stumbled along over the rough paths she had to tread.

At length she reached the dwelling of one of the men who, together with his family, had been among the most zealous of Edward's negro congregation. The inhabitants of the hut were sunk in sleep when the old woman raised the latch and entered; but such visits from her were not unusual, and the white negro uttered no complaints as she forced him to shake off the heavy sleep that clung to him, by telling him that she was come to say that to which no negro must turn an unwilling ear.

"And what be that?" said poor Titus, yawning.

"Titus" she replied, with the most violent emotion shook her trembling frame.—"Titus! the hour is come! That wretch, that dog, that Whitlaw—he who has taken accused wages for the wanton shedding of your innocent blood—he who has made your heavy chains a thousand times more heavy still, who has made your tears his sport and your torture his pastime—that man is now your master!"

"I know it, mother!—we all know it; and what then?—we hab more lashes and more work to look for, mother; but you do no good to wake me up to talk it."

"Titus, if you are a man, you had not let this villain live! Now is the time to take him—now is the appointed hour; now, when his riches and his glories hang thick upon him—now tear him up, root and branch, and throw him to the wolves and foxes, that are his kindred."

"O Lor! O Lor!—what monstrous wickedness is that you say! I'm not Christian, Juno, and what would our massa Edward say, if we did such a deed as that?"

"It is to save our massa Edward's life, that you must do it. The wretch has pledged himself with-in this hour to shed the blood of that your best and only friend—and will you let him live?"

"Shed the blood of massa Edward, Juno? No, no, he hab no power to do that, for God will come to help him."

"Impious and profane!" cried Juno, once more inspired by the strength of passion—"you shrink from the task yourself, and dare call on God to help you!—He has helped you by my means,—he has given me power to tell you of the treason this wretch meditates against the spotless saint who has taught you to know his name,—and now you will see him butchered in cold blood before your eyes, rather than raise your coward arm to help him!"

"No, Juno, no,—we will not see it; and if you will only bring our massa Edward to bid us do this thing, why then we'll do it, Juno."

Disappointed and disappointed where she had hoped for aid, Juno in bitter anger left the hut of the negro Christian, and sought to use her influence upon another. Her success was no better. Poor Edward, could he have that night witnessed how well these simple people had "learned Christ," would have felt repaid for all his sufferings.

The whole night wore away in these fruitless efforts to neutralize the effect of a faith so welcome; and so healing to the hearts of those who suffer; and the weary, miserable Juno crawled back to her distant shelter just as the overseers were driving their gangs to the fields.

"It must be poison then,—poison by my own hand mixed and ministered. There will be comfort in that, but it may not be easy,—first, I must get into the drug from Natchez. It shall be hebenae, accursed hebenae,—it is thus they poison dogs—a fitting death for him!"

But her mind was not clear; and though her purpose and her will were desperate, she had lost that quiet, cunning mastery of herself, which had hitherto insured her success in nearly everything she undertook.

We must leave her meditating on her fixed purpose, and turning in her wild and wandering brain, the means by which she might hope to effect it, while we return to Reichland to see a little how their packing